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The Student's Pen



December, 1926

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The Student's Pen



December, 1926

Good Candies

For Every Holiday Wish

Fresh stocks of favorite kinds direct from makers of good candies.

An assortment which embraces every personal preference, and plenty of each to go around.



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Clothing for the Entire Family

349 North St.

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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Candle Light

Candle light
on a frosted pane,
strength-giving,
your faint gleam
of holiness.

Your curling smoke
brings reminiscence
of Elysian shades
now long past.
Here dusky Charon
sails a Styx
of smoke.



The lapse of centuries,
and your bright gleam
reveals pure faith
in Christ.

You are the halo,
the crest
of the Lord
in the manger.

A. R. Pomeroy '27



EDITORIAL

R.M.S.

Merry Christmas

MERRY Christmas, day of days, when there is jollity and excitement everywhere, and everyone is shouting "Merry Christmas," let there be a cheery echo of that good old wish in all your hearts, sincere and friendly, a wish of happiness for you from the *Student's Pen*. We truly hope that for everyone of you this Christmas day will be the best of all your Christmases. And when all the excitement and merriment, and all the wonder of it passes, then we hope that you will settle down to a glorious, dreamful, profitable, happy New Year.

"May your ship come in on Christmas Day
All sails up and all hands gay
Bringing the best of the world to you
Castles in Spain and dreams come true."

A Gift

NOW that the Christmas spirit is in the hearts of each one of us, we are all anxious about Christmas presents. We tell Dad we would like those shoeskates we were admiring the other day. Mother is informed that there is a stunning hat in a certain window on Main Street. Perhaps no two of us want the same thing. Oh, yes, we think about gifts for our friends, too. We intend to give Susie a charming pocketbook and, perhaps, we'll give Dick that pen and pencil set.

What are these things? Gifts to be sure, but material gifts. There is a gift far more cherished, yet less expensive than any of these. It is a gift that every high school boy and girl should give. The source of this gift is our hearts, not our pocketbooks. This gift is Thanks. During all this tumult of Christmas shopping we should stop for a moment and reflect. Think of the time our teachers have spent to convey to us the knowledge we have gained. They give it to us with a glad and willing heart. The thanks we may give is small in comparison to what they have given, yet it shows our appreciation. Christmas time seems a most suitable period to show our gratitude. Therefore, let us, the students of the Pittsfield High School thru our *Student's Pen* give sincere thanks to our teachers, who have thru the past years so cheerfully instructed us.

Rose Killeen '27



Candles

CHRISTMAS candles can express everything that we want Christmas to mean. A low, plain, white candle burning in its simple crystal candle-stick expresses the peace that settles down over the earth on that night of nights. A tall, stately, tapering, green bayberry candle, in its low setting, with its tiny cap of golden light sends out a message of friendliness to the passerby. Thus, that age old song that was sung to the shepherds so many years ago is carried to others in the form of glowing candles.

On each Christmas eve, in the windows of a large mansion hundreds of electric candles, thin and beautiful, tapering from the tallest in the center to the tiniest on each end, burn brightly. Beautiful as they are they proclaim the same message as the plainest, most humble one in some window of a dirty tenement house. The spirit of Christmas, indefinable, deep in the heart of everyone is expressed by candles of every size and shape, but with the same message—

"Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men."

A. M. Coleman '27

Public Speaking

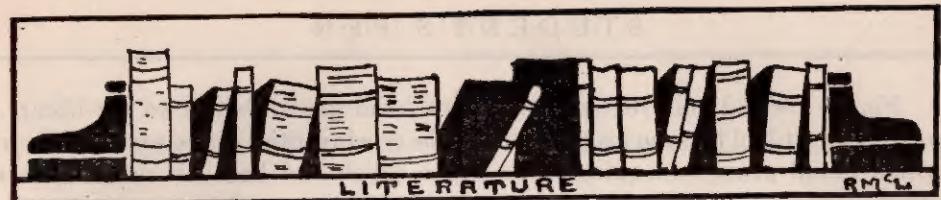
We find that in almost every English class there are a number of pupils who are hopeless speakers and though the teacher criticizes them after they have given their topic, she has not the time to teach them public speaking. There are so many points to learn that one who is losing marks as well as confidence in himself, because of poor speaking, should join one of our two Public Speaking clubs. Here he would be taught the fundamentals, he should find his confidence returning and his interest increasing. One does not lose anything by joining, in fact one receives extra points, and even those who have oratorical powers find that there are many suggestions given that aid them greatly.

It is not all work as many think, though one must be faithful in preparing topics assigned; enjoyable programs are planned and given.

If you are weak in speaking in public, drop into one of the clubs any Friday and see if you think it would help you to join. Perhaps you feel like David Everett who wrote:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

George Beebe



Blind Men

THE two ate in silence, glancing outside now and then at the swirling snow which almost hid the bleak December landscape. Finally the old man raised his head and asked meekly, "Well, Henry, how are things coming along in this-this affair?"

Henry, grey and stout, and looking just as a wealthy American business man should look, abruptly laid down the fork which he had been wielding to such good advantage.

"Fine, Alfred, fine," he answered briskly. "They can't hold out on empty stomachs in this weather. Pretty soon they'll be crawling back, you can be sure."

Alfred shook his head sorrowfully and sighed.

"It's too bad, too bad," he muttered, more to himself than to his brother. "And at Christmas time, too. Think of the mothers and children, cold and hungry, perhaps. And the little ones disappointed in Santa Claus on Christmas morning. Certainly this will be a terrible Christmas for many."

Again Henry laid down his fork.

"Of course, it's too bad," he snapped, "But it's all their fault. Every other mill owner in the state has had to cut wages or go out of business. Now, when I make a reduction they strike; just because it's near Christmas." The speaker's voice had risen.

He leaned over the table and continued earnestly, "I'm sorry, of course, Alfred, but I can't give in now. And why should I when I've got them ready to return? Maybe this will be for their own good, the fools. It might teach them a lesson."

The older man had winced at each of Henry's statements.

"You know best," he agreed quietly, "I don't know anything about business methods or managements. I'm an old man, now, and I've proved a failure in business and in life. How I wish I had accomplished something, done something worthwhile. I'd die with a smile if I could only help or stop the suffering of those poor strikers." There was a terrible bitterness contained in his last words. Henry unconsciously placed his hand comfortingly on his brother's shoulder.

"I must be off now, Alfred," he said at last. "There is a lot of work for me today making plans for the mills, so I won't be home 'till tonight. Now, take care of your cough, Alfred, and don't worry about this affair. It's really none of your lookout."

Alfred Milford sat hunched in his chair after his brother's departure. Old Edward Perkins, for thirty years in the service of "Mr. Alfred," padded in and out of the room, removing the traces of the meal.

"Poor Mr. Alfred is looking worse and worse," was his unspoken comment when he beheld the sorrowing figure deep in thought.

Finally the old man stirred himself, rose, and made his way to the library. In late years it had become his refuge from the cruel realities of the world. There he had found peace and quiet. The books which had been his delight years before, stories of adventure and romance, had lost their appeal as the years passed, and now in their place, Alfred read the Bible. It was only fitting, perhaps, for the Milfords had always been a race of God-fearing people for whom the "Good Book" had been an ever present help.

So Alfred Milford's sensitive mind was soothed and calmed by the simple beauty and power of the Gospels. The morning passed quickly. At noon Alfred made his way to the dining room. He felt no hunger, only some force at work within him. He felt strong for the first time in weeks and the sensation brought an idea to his mind. Perkins wondered at his flushed countenance and the bright look in his eyes. Feverish, most likely.

But Alfred Milford was not feverish. He had received a call, a call to begin work somewhere where he was needed. For the first time in his life he had a purpose. He was needed. But where? He must concentrate and learn somehow.

So, his meal finished, he returned to the library and seated himself again.

Several hours later he awakened. He must have slept. The grey afternoon had passed into a deeper twilight and the lights of the city shone invitingly over the soft stretches of snow.

Suddenly he realized the truth. It was in the city that he would find his call. Passing quietly down the hall he took his hat and coat. A moment later, smiling to himself, he was making his way toward the city.

Henry Milford stamped heavily before the door that evening to get rid of the soft snow that clung to his feet.

"This snow will make it more Christmas like," he was thinking as he stepped into the warmth and light of the interior.

Perkins, whitefaced, stood before him.

"He's gone, sir," quavered the old man. "More than two hours ago. He was in the library and—"

"Who?" demanded Henry, "My brother? Tell me about it."

"He was in the library," repeated Perkins, "and then when I looked in there about four, he was gone. His hat and coat are gone, too. It's very strange, sir. He never used to go out in the evening and he didn't say a word about it, either."

"All right. I'm going to get a taxi now to hunt for him. Be sure and keep supper warm, Perkins."

Huddled in the back seat, Henry Milford searched the sidewalks carefully as the car cruised slowly up and down the streets of the neighborhood. The soft covering of the snow made everything seem unreal. Strange phrases and words sounded in his ears as the search continued and no trace of Alfred was to be found. It was impossible. His brother, gone, missing, why Alfred hated to leave his home even in the daytime.

Finally the driver stopped and waited for further orders.

"Let's go slowly down the streets in the business section now," suggested Henry.

It was the proverbial search for a needle in a haystack. The streets were thronged with Christmas shoppers and idling workmen from the Milhope factories. The strikers were everywhere, staring at the wonders displayed in the lighted shop windows, or gathering sullenly into little groups to criticize bitterly the owner of the factories which they had left. The purposeless workers, shabby and bent, contrasted strikingly with the fur-coated women and their escorts, laden with bundles.

Suddenly, on a corner, Henry saw a crowd of strikers gathered together for some reason. In the center stood a thin, aged figure who with outstretched hands, was addressing those gathered about him.

"Alfred!", cried Henry Milford. "Driver draw up to the curb." As the car stopped, Henry leaped out and, forgetful of all, pushed his way closer to his brother. But he could not get near enough to reach Alfred so he watched the strange scene as if fascinated.

"So, my friends," poor Alfred was saying, "you see the path before you. Tho poor and wretched, you may obtain salvation, and by following the rules of Jesus, all your problems will be solved. However, it is necessary that you forgive those who have hurt you, that you bear meekly the trials of life and if you wait patiently, to you will come at last the rewards of everlasting peace."

A short, dirty-faced fellow, his face blue with cold, pressed forward.

"Yah," he jeered, "sure you can talk like that. You've got money and a warm home. You ain't out of work with a wife and kids to think of. But what about us? Winter and no coal. No money and we got to eat. A lot o' good it 'ud do to wait—and wait. If you believe that bunk you've been handing out, why don't you take off your fine coat and give it to somebody who's freezing?"

A cry of assent rose from the crowd. Henry saw Alfred open his mouth as if to reply, but the taunting cry of the mob prevented him. A sad smile of failure again entered his eyes. He had lost his last chance.

Then came a shrill whistle as several policemen bore down on the gathering with clubs. The crowd swayed, hesitated, and then reluctantly dispersed.

Henry, suddenly himself, dove thru the mass and grasping Alfred's arm, pulled him to the waiting car.

"Alfred," he demanded, "what's the meaning of all this? Why did you leave home as you did? What was the meaning of this scene on the street?"

"They don't understand," sighed Alfred, "I was a fool to suppose they would, poor creatures. I'm sleepy, Henry," and the old man relaxed in his brother's arms.

O. Johnson '27

The Gift Magnificent

BRRR! Puny, little Jerry McClure, mounting the steep hill to the Sanitarium, struggled manfully against the bitter wind. One hand in his slazy overcoat pocket fingered the traditional, but pathetic thin dime while the other hand, gloveless, clasped a small, soft appearing parcel wrapped somewhat clumsily in tissue paper. Would he never reach the top? The wind made the tears spring to his eyes and his stub of an Irish nose had blossomed a rose red. He vainly attempted to pull his cap more firmly over his ears but the cap, like a flapper's skirt, refused to descend another inch, and bravely flaunted its shortcomings, that all the world might gaze and pity. Jerry turned his back to the wind and finished the hill with his heels striking the top first. Then he began to run and reached the Sanitarium with a heart thumping for two reasons: one, the exercise which never agreed with Jerry, and the other, the thrill of the long-awaited visit which he was about to make his invalid mother this Christmas eve.

His mother! The words rang joyously in the little fellow's ears. He hadn't seen his mother for two years! To the lonely boy, it seemed like forever so hard had it been to struggle thru that time. Even though he was fifteen, Jerry could not refrain from uttering a tiny sob, sorrowful at its beginning, but breaking into an inarticulate cry of joy as he bounded up the half-dozen steps and pulled with his feeble strength at the oak door. Why think of the past? Why not make the most of the present?

At the desk in the spacious vestibule sat a stern looking nurse, busily making out reports in a large green ledger. She looked disturbedly over her glasses as a very weak and fearful little voice said:

"Please ma'am, could I see Mrs. McClure?" At the utterance of the beloved name, Jerry's voice gained volume and made a grand finale in the form of a thin squeak.

"There's no one here by that name" snapped the apparently nettled nurse. She returned to her ledger, to all appearances oblivious of the lad's presence. For a moment Jerry stood mutely gazing at the outstanding mole on the attendant's cheek, then slowly regained his power of speech sufficiently to falter:

"But, ma'am she does live here. Did you get the name right? Mrs. McClure"—the latter again shrilly but pridefully.

The nurse raised her head, now completely annoyed.

"I told you before, there is no one here by that name! That is—"

The nurse suddenly seemed to gain interest and, laying aside her ledger, scrutinized Jerry so that he blushed perceptibly.

"Hmmm" she meditated slowly then—

"Did you know Mrs. McClure?"

"Yes ma'am, she's my mother. And couldn't I please see her right away?"

An unexpected look of kindness overspread the woman's face and she said slowly,

"I'm very sorry, my boy, but your mother has been dead almost two months. We didn't know she had any relatives, or we would have let you know. How strange that she never mentioned you!"

The nurse ceased speaking as she saw the stricken look on the thin little face.

"Dead?" he repeated numbly. "But she can't be dead! I-I-I've got a Christmas present for her here!" he ended pitifully, fingering the package.

The nurse walked around to the front of the desk and placed her hand kindly on the lad's shoulder.

"Come, sonny" she said "you look cold and tired. Come into the rest room and get warmed up. There's a fire on the hearth and you can make yourself comfortable."

Scarcely knowing what was happening to him Jerry allowed himself to be led into the cheery rest room. His cap was still on his head but that bothered him not at all. What difference now what became of him? He was only a skinny, little shrimp anyhow and now that there was no one left. Pulling himself up from the stuffed armchair in which the nurse had placed him, and fumbling with the now battered parcel, he said embarrassedly,

"I've got to go now ma'am. I-I gotta get back-ba-ack—"

"Back where, sonny?" inquired the nurse. "Perhaps you'd like to stay here for the night. We have a tree with beautiful candles, which we're going to light for the patients, and I know you'd like it, too."

"No, thank you ma'am. I've gotta go. We-we've got a tree too," he lied bravely, trying to hide from the nurse his pitiful poverty and loneliness.

"Oh—I see," said the woman, though suspecting the real state of affairs. "But wouldn't you like to see ours too?"

"No, thank you" replied Jerry, meanwhile backing toward the door. No amount of urging could make the boy stay, so the nurse helped him open the big door.

"If you change your mind, son, you can come back and see our tree. And don't forget we also have an extra bed."

Without responding Jerry dragged his feet down the steps and continued on down the street. Houses on all sides of him glowed with light. Christmas trees, decked with gay-colored ornaments gleamed thru the windows. Merry voices resounded on the frosty air. Fathers, arms loaded with last-minute presents, hastened by, not noticing the tattered youngster who plodded down the steep incline. Mothers, intent on their own children's happiness passed Jerry without so much as glancing at his ragged despair. Everywhere except in his sad heart was the joy of the Christmas season.

Gaining the main street Jerry trudged along scarcely conscious that he was walking at all. A light snow had filtered down upon his cap and coat, his hands were thrust deep into his pockets, his chin was deep in his chest. What a pathetic little figure he was!

His aimless wandering had brought him before a large church, the windows of which were gleaming warmly with the light that shone thru them. And to the ears of the sad boy came the soft tones of an organ and the sound of singing. He stopped and listened to the words of the music. They came at times faintly, then stronger, and then grew faint again.

The words had a comforting effect on the shivering lad. He seemed to hear in the voices of the singers his own mother's voice singing for him. At last the singing came to a close, and smiling, warm-looking people poured from the church. Jerry, with a stifled sob, turned and walked away. What would he do?

He was so wrapped in his own thoughts that he didn't perceive a small, pale looking lady following him. Suddenly he heard a glad cry of recognition, and turning, beheld,—his own mother! He rubbed his eyes. Was this really his mother? But the next moment proof came, in the shape of two warm arms around his cold body.

"Oh, my poor little boy! What a horrible mistake. You see, there was another Mrs. McClure who died just after I left, poor woman. The attendant was probably thinking of her and didn't remember me," said Mrs. McClure after Jerry had sobbed out his sad story.

Jerry thru all the explanation, held tightly to his mother's hand as if to keep her forever near him. And when she had finished, he felt so glad, so happy, so brimful of joy, that he could do naught but bury his face in his mother's arms and cry and cry and cry.

Phyllis Lumdy '28

The Break of Day

BRANNON sat slumped down in an easy chair, thinking. Perhaps he wasn't thinking as much as he was reviewing and recalling the past ten years of his life. His cup had been a bitter one and his mood tonight mirrored the galling past which had promised so much and had given so little.

He had been an only child and when his parents had been killed in a train wreck, he had been forced to shift for himself. Nevertheless, as a boy of seventeen, he had been capable of this, and the matter of keeping himself had been comparatively easy. For the next five years fortune had smiled on him. Promotions from one position to another had been frequent, the pay had been correspondingly good, and most important to him, his social life had been the kind he always desired. Among the many delightful people he had known there was one lad he would always remember. "Chet" Mathews and he had chummed together, hunted, fished, and worked in each other's company, and finally had enlisted at the same time so as to be in the same division. And as Charles Brannon's thoughts turned to the war, his face was not pleasant to look upon. It betrayed a deep hatred for someone or something—a hatred which was almost consuming in its intensity.

"And we were fighting for democracy, for the dear old U. S. A."

His utterance was vehement—his laugh muchlike that of a demented person.

"What a bunch of fools we were to be duped by a crew of smooth politicians at Washington."

Well might he be bitter toward the world because of the war. He and "Chet" had done the noble thing in enlisting, surely. Even the actual fighting hadn't been so bad until a "Boche" shell sent "Chet" west. After that it seemed awfully lonely until he had learned to fight the enemy with such ferocity that he could forget.

When it was over and he had come home he was given the same reception as the others. People had crowded the docks, waving pretty things, a band had played, and speeches had been made by prominent citizens. It had been all so

foolish, so hypocritical in view of what had happened afterward, that it almost made him believe the general public to be a bunch of consummate actors.

When he had applied for his old position, of which he had been almost certain, the boss had said,

"I'm sorry 'Chuck', but the fellow I have now has done such good work and is so competent that I really can't discharge him. Sorry, old chap."

And so it had gone everywhere. Those who had remained at home had the good positions and the ex-service men, weren't wanted. Finally he had had to take a job as an ordinary laborer.

The war had wrought such confusion at home that his social contacts had been completely severed, and anyway these would not have been enjoyable without "Chet". He had taken to remaining in his room and mulling thing over in his mind until he had reached the stage where he brooded constantly and lost all connection with the world of men. Such was his condition tonight despite the fact that it was Christmas eve.

The sound of shouting and laughter from the sidewalk penetrated even his black mood and had an irritating effect on him. Somehow, against his own will, it made him restless, made him want to be out there with the crowds of merrymakers. He didn't stop to think that perhaps there were fellows in those crowds who had been in the same predicament as he, but who were making the best of life. Contact with people was abhorrent to him because most of them were, in his eyes, the ones who had deprived him of the overflowing cup.

As the merriment and hustle in the street below increased, Brannon became more and more restless. He was angry with himself for listening to it and for harboring the memories it brought to mind. There was no way for him to know that he was revealing one of the strongest instincts in the nature of man, (to answer the call of the pack and join it). Suddenly Charles Brannon, who had hated most men and their works for the last five years, caught up his coat and hat and flung himself down the stairs and out the door and to the street.

As he mingled with the crowd, he began to wonder what all these people could have to be so gleeful and happy over. He saw nothing around them to account for it. Again Brannon could not know that he was witnessing one of the many exhibitions of spontaneous happiness which comes from doing for others, from a mere cognizance of the fact that one has accomplished a good deed.

A hearty slap on the back almost upset him.

"Well, if it isn't 'Chuck' Brannon. Say, just where have you been hiding these last few 'annums'?"

"Hello, 'Marty'. Guess I can't say much to defend myself 'cause I've really been keeping pretty much under cover."

It was Martin LaValle who had addressed him in such boisterous manner and as "Chuck" answered, there came back to him much of the good will toward men, that he had almost lost. It couldn't have been otherwise, else he would not have responded as he did, even though LaValle was one of his old cronies.

"Say," continued Marty, "what are you doing tonight? You look like a lost soul."

"To tell the truth, Marty, I have nothing planned, but maybe we could use up the time together, that is, if you are not engaged."

Surely this wasn't the same Charles Brannon speaking. He could hardly believe his own voice, yet here he was seeking the very thing from which he had hidden all these years.

LaValle broke in on his thoughts.

"Use up the time! Say, I'm headed for a party and I'm going to make it my solemn duty to bring you right along. Not many of the old gang will be there, but then we're all good fellows and you'll have a good time."

"You don't like yourself a little bit, do you?" queried Brannon sarcastically. "However, I don't think I'll go."

Why he said this last was inexplicable even to himself. He wanted to attend that party but something in the wrong Charles Brannon made him blurt out the refusal.

"Oh, yes, you will", argued Marty, and after a little more persuasion, he took "Chuck" by the arm and they started down the street.

Late that night Brannon returned to his room, but he did not retire immediately. He reviewed the evening he had spent, the first of its kind since he had returned from overseas. Yes, he certainly had been given a good time. In fact his popularity had not been negligible, even among his new acquaintance. Now he could understand in some measure how those people who had disturbed him felt and why they were so jubilant.

And then the great truth dawned on him, like the sun breaking through the clouds after a storm. It was he who had been the fool all the time. The world had been right and Charles Brannon had been all wrong. Certainly one shouldn't live in the past when the future offers golden opportunities for success and friendship. From now on he was going to be a different man, a man who would go out into the world and live. He had discovered his error before it was too late, and henceforth, he would live and love as a rational man should.

Kenneth Roberts '27

Women Are Nuisances?

THE door labeled "James A. Randolph, President" closed with such a bang that the glass rattled ominously. In the outer office a stenographer shifted her typewriter carriage and her gum simultaneously and shivered. James A. Randolph, Junior, stood framed in the doorway, dejection personified, chagrin, mortification and discouragement stamped plainly on his countenance. The stenographer who had seen him go whistling gaily into the office of his father not five minutes before repeated the shifting process and sighed audibly but sympathetically. Jimmie, oblivious to everything but Mr. James Randolph, Junior, daubed wildly at his fevered brow, picked up the very latest thing in caps for gentlemen, and left the office like one on the verge of a mental collapse. The stenographer on being called into the inner sanctum two minutes later to take dictation, and expecting to derive full benefits of any superfluous wrath which Jimmie had not received, was greatly surprised to find Mr. Randolph leaning back in his chair, indulging in a loud, hearty, American laugh.

Meanwhile Jimmie with his world reeling and crashing down upon his shoulders plowed homeward, his mind working upon a subject which to him was the most important problem of the twentieth century. How could he, James Adolphus Randolph, Junior, (the Adolphus being a family skeleton) procure and derive the benefits from one hundred dollars before December 25, 1926, with all the calendars in his universe pointing out the ghastly truth that it was now December 15 of the same year? For two weeks the boy had known that the time would come when he would start to worry over the procuring of the money, but it was not until his father had absolutely refused to advance the necessary cash that the awful truth had been forced upon him that perhaps he would not be able to get it.

Now Jimmie would never have been in such trouble if it had not been that he was chosen president of the noble Fraternity of Delphia Gamma of Sanderson Academy. It had all come about in a meeting one night when he, as president, was soliciting funds for a new piano for the Frat house. The funds had been coming in slowly and Jimmie, in begging for more pledges, had become quite dramatic. Suddenly a loud-mouthed student in the rear of the hall had taken advantage of a lull in the noise around him to demand loudly of the world at large what the illustrious president was going to pledge. Now Jimmie had not approved of the manner in which he said it nor the sudden suspicious glances cast in his direction, so, forgetting for the moment that discretion is the better part of valor, he said that he intended to pledge one hundred dollars. His sudden popularity for the rest of the evening erased the inevitable consequences from the boy's mind and it was not until the next morning that he began to see the errors of his performance. After nights of sleeplessness and misery Jimmie at last decided to confide his difficulties to his father. Mr. Randolph's answer ran something like this. He would be cremated, asphyxiated, assassinated, shot, drowned, and hanged before he would advance one hundred dollars of hard earned cash for the payment of a piano upon which some idiot with more leisure than brains would pound out the latest, incidentally disturbing the sleep of would-be peaceful citizens. James, with some of this decision still ringing in his smarting ears, slumped up the steps and into the house, where he proceeded to pace the floor and wring his hands.

"Omigosh!" groaned Jimmie over and over again. "What am I going to do? If I don't get that money, I'll be the laughing stock of everybody. Omigosh!"

He had just arrived at the point of wondering which was the easiest way to die, drowning or asphyxiation, when his sister, alias the Thorn of his Flesh, came sauntering into the room. In one hand she held an exceedingly bulky letter. With the other she rumpled Jimmie's hair.

"Smatter, Jimmie my lad?" she wanted to know. "Are you ill? Tell your Aunt Jemimah all about it."

Jimmie upon her appearance had let a mask of tolerant indifference cloak his previous look of misery, and now he did not even deign to answer her, but looked past her towards the door, inwardly raging and wondering how he was going to flee from her persistent efforts to quiz him, and still maintain his dignity.

"Did it have scarlet fever or did it lose its mama?" went on Marj. "It looks sort of white and shaky. Would it like the kind lady's smelling salts?"

No answer.

"Perhaps it is worrying over what it's going to get is own dear sister for Christmas?" suggested Marjorie. "It's always so kind and good to her."

No answer.

"O, well," the girl sighed and shrugged two slim shoulders, "I can see the dear child is overtaxing his brain over some petty trifle. Therefore he won't want to hear the news." Marj started to leave the room.

Now masculine curiosity obtained the upper hand over masculine attempt at dignity, and Jimmie started as if he had just noticed her presence.

"Really, my dear," he offered, after stifling a yawn behind a languid hand, "hardly knew you were here. Did you say something, old dear?"

Marjorie sniffed. "Humph," was her only observation.

"We men," went on Jimmie importantly, "have something to do besides listen to the silly prattle of mere children. Was there anything I could do for you, my child?"

This time the feminine desire to tell something conquered feminine pride, and Marjorie waved the letter triumphantly.

"Dorothy King is coming here for the holidays," she observed, "and you, my lad, are going to take her to the Christmas ball."

"Really?" from Jimmie, with another languid wave of the hand followed by another yawn. "So kind of you to let me know, old thing. I am exceedingly sorry to disappoint you, and I sincerely regret the fact that I am not going to attend the Christmas ball, to say nothing of taking Dorothy King to any such affair. Women are nuisances and I, for my part, shall have nothing whatsoever to do with them. Send my deepest regrets to the Lady Dorothy, and tell her that a previous engagement with a bottle of arsenic keeps me from her side."

Jimmie having freed his mind, and considering this a good time to leave, he having had the last word, proceeded to go, but Marj stopped him.

"Heigho, m'lad. Not so fast, brother mine. Let me say my little speech first. You are going to take Dorothy King to the Christmas ball, and I have delegated myself as a committee of one to see that you do. If your memory has not completely forsaken you, you will remember that you cannot very well refuse, seeing that I know something that will make your refusal very embarrassing to yourself."

Now man will always bluster as a last resort and Jimmie began to bluster.

"I will not," bellowed Jimmie. "I wouldn't take Dot King to the ball even if I was going—and I'm not. I wouldn't take—"

"By the way, Jimmie," from Marj, "did Dad ever find out how that fender on his Peerless was broken? I think if he knew that it was owing to your careless driving, he would consider—"

"This is blackmail," roared Jimmie. "I'll not be blackmailed. I'll—I'll—"

"I wonder," Marj went sweetly on, "whether Mother ever found that mahogany desk she lost? I wonder if she knows that it is now occupying a prominent place in the club rooms of the....."

"I tell you I won't," shouted Jimmie not quite as loudly as before, "I'll tell mother myself I'll—"

"Next year," Marj told the world at large, "Mr. James A. Randolph, Senior, will be looking for some golf sticks which, unknown to him, have been lost by his most worthy offspring. I wonder if it would interest him to know of their disappearance before next spring? Perhaps—"

"Omigosh!" said Jimmie, "mumble m-m-m-m-mumble—. Omigosh! I'll take her. Now get out of here and let me think. As if one trouble wasn't enough without having all this thrust upon me. What shall I do?????Omigosh!"

Exit Thorn in the Flesh, smiling triumphantly?

Followed two sleepless nights for Jimmie and then came a letter from Dorothy, stating that she was exceedingly pleased that "dear Jimmie" had wanted to take her to the Christmas ball. She would love to go with him, of course. "Dear Jimmie," on being informed of the fact by the triumphant Marjorie, tried to look as if it didn't bother him, and failed dismally. This letter was followed by Dorothy herself and though Jimmie had to admit that she was pretty, he obtained no comfort from the fact. Had not he deeper troubles? What cared he for the looks of a girl, when he must forfeit all rights of being called a man? He had been asked twice now for the money and each time he had made some excuse, trying to decide as he did so how much was escaping the eye of the silly Delpha Gamma treasurer. That worthy finally told him that if he did not bring him the money by December 24, he would have to report him at the next meeting of the society. Jimmie knew that the day of reckoning was near at hand.

Then came the day when James had a bright idea. He was out walking with Jack Landis when they encountered Marjorie and Dorothy. She came, Jack saw, and was conquered. He proceeded to rave until Jimmie became quite disgusted. Jack was duly presented and raved all the more. Finally he confided to Jimmie his intention of asking Dorothy to go to the Christmas ball. It was then that the idea struck Jimmie in a great dazzling light. He did not change the expression of his face, however, as he said, "Too bad, old scout, but I'm taking Dot myself. I doubt if you can even get a dance."

Jack raged. After letting him relieve his feelings for about fifteen minutes, Jimmie reluctantly decided to let him have one dance with Dorothy, provided he would make it worth his while. Followed a little transaction of extreme benefit to Jimmie. Nor was Jack the only victim to the charms of the pretty visitor, and Jimmie profited accordingly.

Came the night of the Christmas ball, the twenty-second day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six. James Randolph was the most sought after young man at the affair, at least by the masculine half of the party. Fellows in groups and singly sought him out. They whispered with him between dances, they interrupted him during dances, and because Jimmie was so unwilling to give them that for which they asked, they were all the more anxious to comply with his every request.

The following morning Jimmie confronted his sister as she was leaving the breakfast table.

"Hey, sis," he whispered, "like to see you a minute if I may after breakfast."

Marj followed him into the library.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Say er-er-er sis," stammered Jimmie, "do you suppose you could persuade Dorothy to stay till New Year's?"

Marj burst into a peal of laughter.

"Well, that's a good one," she managed to gasp between laughs. "Here he didn't want her to come and now he wants her to stay until New Years'."

"It is not for myself that I want her to stay," Jimmie said drawing himself up proudly, "but for the rest of the fellows. I promised Bob he could take her on the sleighride tomorrow night, and Fred is going to ask her to go to the show tomorrow, and Johnny is going to take her to the New Year's Ball if she stays, and—"

Marj, however, would not be convinced.

"And you were the one that considered women nuisances," she laughed.

Jimmie's answer puzzled Marj. "They are nuisances", he told her. They are extreme nuisances. But, my dear girl, they are very profitable."

If Marj had seen Jimmie up in his room ten minutes later she would have wondered still more. He sat before his desk upon which were piled sixty-five dollars in cash, two watches, easily pawnable at twenty-five dollars each, five jackknives, three flashlights, thirteen neckties, twenty-five pairs of socks, a bag of golf sticks, and twenty-eight collar buttons.

"Omigosh!" gloated Jimmie. "Omigosh!"

Hattie Hinckley '27
Com'l

A Song of Tests

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That my cramming was in vain,
For I needed all the credit
In the course, that I could gain.

How I worried! How I studied
Just before I took the test;
And I answered seven questions,
Tho I did miss all the rest.

The suspense is worse than awful,
And I only wish I knew
Whether I have really flunked it,
Or have managed to pull thru.

I can scarcely hope to pass it,
Such good luck is not my fate.
But at least I'll learn one lesson,
Learn to labor,—and to wait.

M. H. B.

Essays and Specials

On Folks

OF course, any window would do, but Main Street windows are most obliging. They know the world. In fact most of my observations have been made through windows in dentists' offices. You know dentists' offices usually are found on Main Streets.

I think cartoonists know men and their ways better than anyone. I wonder if they spend much time in dentists' offices! Even if, poor men, they have no observatory so satisfactory as one of these, at least they have one essential. They have a sense of humor. You have all seen those cartoons labeled "the hardworking business man." Well, it took a sense of humor to paint the everyday man in that light.

You may see him any day on Main Street. He comes in groups. He comes alone. His feet tread the earth but his spirits soar. He thinks and dreams in profits and losses. Meanwhile he is losing the biggest proposition he has ever tried to handle. He is losing life. He is tragic and yet he is decidedly comical. However you choose to regard him, he is either one. He knows better than to dream. He has ceased to do that. There are enough dreamers in the world.

You know the type. He needs no introduction. Usually he stares triumphantly out at you from the June issue of any magazine that is a magazine. His air of "hail, the conquering hero comes" tells you that he has just received his sheepskin, more or less cum laude, and now, everybody pave the way! The world is at his feet. You can't see us in the picture, but we are there just the same. He has visions and that is one of them. The business man gives him merely a passing glance and goes back to his profits and losses. Some, though, sit back in their swivel chairs (in cartoons they usually have stub cigars, too) and muse. The rest of us just laugh.

Take, for example, the Cynic. He never laughs. That is why I call him the Cynic. I don't know what his real name is, but I surmise it is one of those names like Boggs, Simpkins, or Greers, names that are usually attached to worried bookkeepers or weary shoe clerks, in short stories. The Cynic must be either one of these. By the way he counts his change. Oh, yes, it was on the trolley car that I first saw the Cynic. Trolley cars are as good as dentists' offices for knowing folks. Anyway, don't try to imagine the Cynic laughing. It can't be done.

However, Mrs. Jones makes up for him. I should have christened her the "optimist." I didn't, though, because all the optimists I know are such only in theory. Mrs. Jones would put these to shame. She is a common person so I called her "Jones", which is a common name. She is always laughing—not out loud but her eyes are always twinkling. I fancy she is laughing at the Cynic. Maybe she is laughing at me, though. I never thought of that before.

I know many more persons than these. They don't know me. They don't even know I know them. I do, though, because I have spent too much time in dentists' offices and I live in the suburbs.

Helen McGill '27

Common Crossing

EVERY day I cross it, the bleak flatness of The Common. Just the other morning I was picking my way carefully thru the mud, my slicker flapping dismally about my ankles, the mist in my face, chill and November-like. I looked up to see if it was really going to rain. My gaze was arrested by the beauty that met it.

The sky was hazy gray—"pearl mist horizons"—and against it, the feathery loveliness of trees behind a veil of autumn mist stood silent and expectant. Black gray of trunks and the fragile white gray of frosted branches were true beauty, the questioning beauty of ordinary things.

Between the trees, and under their spreading wonder, youth walked the pathways, trudging up to school. Red and yellow slickers, bright hats, and flying scarfs; the smoke from a scholastic pipe blending blue-gray into the haze of grayness; keen, clear voices cutting the thick, crisp air. I laughed to myself, moved by the intangible something that pervaded the whole atmosphere. For a moment I almost seemed to understand.

M. H. Bastow

A Visit to the Little White Church

IT is Christmas Eve, and the holiday spirit is in the air. As we come down the snow-drifted road, we can see in the distance a small, white church. Through the windows we perceive the flickering of, it seems, hundreds of red candles. What pretty shadows they cast on the pure, white snow.

But where are those people going, and where did all those automobiles come from? The church is not on the main street, so one would not expect to see so many people here. What a crowd of people! There are women laden with bundles, containing perhaps, goodies for the morrow; there are women in beautiful fur wraps, and women who look none too warm in their threadbare coats; there are women carrying little children, and there are young men and old men. All these people are going in the same direction. Let us follow them.

Oh! Now we can see where they are going, and—why! It is a manger, covered with evergreen boughs, placed right out here in the snow. In it there are small statues, statues representing the Christ Child, and Mary, and Joseph, the Three Wise Men, and the Shepherds. The statue of the Baby Jesus, is lying in a bed of straw, while Mary and Joseph, the Three Wise Men, and the shepherds are kneeling in adoration before Him. Everyone in his turn kneels before the beautiful manger and says to himself a prayer. Mothers lift their little ones up, so that they, too, may see the Babe. So we in our turn kneel before the manger and murmur a prayer of thanksgiving, and we go away, deeply impressed.

But why did all these people, rich and poor, strong and afflicted, stop at the little white church to kneel but for a moment? It is because they have felt the spirit of Christmas. It is the birth of the Child Jesus that we are celebrating, and it is only fitting that we should pay the honor to Him Whom we are remembering. And so, on this Christmas day, let us all say in our hearts a little prayer of adoration and thanksgiving to the Christ Child, Whose birthday we are celebrating!

Betty Young

Who Is She?

PITTSFIELD, as you can see, is the birthplace of many of our noble teachers, for this one too, was born here. She attended the old Orchard Street Grammar School and then Pittsfield High School. From the latter she graduated with salutatorian honors.

She received her college education at Mt. Holyoke. While attending this college she received honors in Latin. During her four years at college she was a member of the glee club and the college choir.

When she completed her college education, Pittsfield High claimed her as one of its teachers. She taught English here for a year and a half; then German for six years. At the beginning of the World War the German Language was dropped from the course of study, so she again began teaching English, which subject she now is teaching.

A car is to travel in even if it is only a "Baby Lincoln." Her travels are bounded on the north by Bennington, Vt., on the east by Boston, on the south by Arlington, Virginia, and on the west by Albany, N. Y.

This teacher tells us she is a better housekeeper than a teacher, but after seeing the results of her efforts as a teacher we doubt the word "better".

Christmas Eve

AFTER the hustle and bustle of the crowds on the streets, thronging in and out of the stores, busy with their Christmas shopping and the thousand and one last little errands just before the great day, after the vivid gaiety, and merry laughter, after the worry and work, comes Christmas Eve, blue night of holiness.

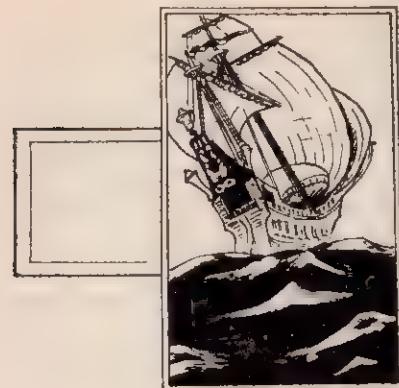
When I think of Christmas Eve, whether it be the very first one, so many years ago, or a modern one, right here in this little American city, I always think of Maxfield Parrish blues and the soft silvery whiteness of snow sifting down in the yellow glimmer of a lantern. Sometimes in my imagination, the lantern is an old, old lantern. Then the silver changes miraculously from snow to sand, stretching out to the still whiteness of a little oriental city, and beyond, out to the blue of the sky, endless. More often, tho, the lantern is only the street light in front of our house, and the snow is real, and very feathery. But always, in any picture of Christmas Eve, the blue is there, blue dimness and stillness, blue peace of holiness.

M. H. B.

A Christmas Spirit

Soft at twilight thru the village streets
Steals a spirit, shadowy, but real.
None can see her, yet all feel her. Fling
They wide their portals, set an extra place
At table, draw another chair close to
The fire, for outside chill winds whistle, flakes
Of snow are in the air. A welcome finds
The stranger, companionship and rest, for friends
Are all united, enemies forgiv'n—
The world is bright with friendship. Friendship—love,
The spirit stealing thru the village streets.

M. Simmons



POETRY

Consecration

I will bring my dream before the altar of Him who was a dreamer and still waits, thru the ages, the fulfillment of his dream.

In the understanding silence and dimness of the sanctuary, I will name over the fragments of my heart's desire.

Having made this, my offering, in the still light of sacrificial candles, I will go out into the great vastness that is the world.

M. H. Bastow

Miracle

Kneeling by my window
With the breezes fresh
Against my face,
I bowed my heart in rev'rent wonder
At the scene before me laid.
Snow, pure and white,
Lay on the ground, a blanket for the earth.
Two pines with silver tips
Moaned softly, side by side.
And in the distance, purple mountains
Pressed close against a sky whose m'dnight hue
Was pierced by stars—
Those radiant gems set by no human hands.
In the midst and under all
Grouped rooftops, white with new fall'n snow
Shining in the moonlight.
Clearly, as I listened,
Wafted close by breezes blowing,
Raised up to those stars on high,
Came the chimes from out some steeple—
"Christ is born! 'Tis Christmas Day!"

M. L. Simmons

My Castle of Dreams--Come-True

My Castle of Dreams—Come-True stands on a hill,
A high, green hill in Fairyland.
Its blue-gray towers rise high amid the blue
Of sunny skies.

Bright flowers of rainbow hues nod everywhere;
Their merry heads dance in the sprightly breeze.
Gay-colored birds sing songs of happiness
And joy.

The rooms inside the castle walls are bright
With gold and blue and scarlet tapestries,
All flecked with sunlight warm which filters thru
The windows wide.

Here all is beauty, romance, loveliness,
Here all is sunlight, laughter and glad song;
Reality like summer mists fades from
My Castle of Dreams—Come-True.

A. M. Coleman '27

Christmas Eve

A pale crescent moon on the glistening snow,
A stillness,—
A chillness,—
A startling softness,
A velvety hush on the house-tops below.

One lone brilliant star guiding the way
Of strangers,—
Of travelers,—
Of wearied wanderers,
Leading them on lest from their paths they stray.

The echo of bells on the calm, crisp air,
Of church bells,—
Of sleigh-bells,—
Of soft, silver, tinkling bells,
The spirit of Christmas—everywhere.

Virginia H. Sclater



To Wachel Lindsay

(humbly)

Singer, dreamer of dreams,
You are a lantern
Hung to light the pilgrim's way
Who seeks the Beauty Shrine.

Dreamer, singer of songs,
You are the pure white flame
Of Beauty's altar fire.

Artist, lover of men,
You are the morning star
Gleaming over the darkness
Of rugged mountain peaks.

Lover, painter of life,
You are the radiant dawn,
The dawn of a great new day,
The dawn of Beauty, Peace.

Prophet,
You are the gleam of a candle
From afar.
Poet, you are light.

I, humble seeker of Beauty,
Follow after.

*M. H. Bastow***Just English**

In English we have just begun
To measure lines by feet.
To some it is just loads of fun;
To me it is all Greek.

We read and sing it like a song,
And say a Grecian name;
It does not mean so very much!
It's English, just the same.

And now we have to make a rhyme
Say! this is not such fun.
We think it's awful, but cheer up!
The worst is yet to come.

*Hazel Andrews***The Holiday Season**

This is that joyous time of year
Which to children is so dear.
In and out the stores they file,
Seeing gifts in every aisle.
There's hustle and bustle everywhere,
And joyful sounds are in the air.
The twenty-fifth comes, oh! so slow
But one by one the hours go
Till Christmas morning comes at last;
Then scampering from their beds so fast,
The children run downstairs to see
What waits them underneath the tree.
They run from house to house to look
At Mary's doll or Johnny's book.
The day draws to a close too soon
While children coast beneath the moon.

*Dorothy Reickheit
Evelyn Taylor*

Somber Pines

Somber pines,
Fragrant in spicy odor,
Graceful in every lifting,—
Falling of your branches,
I love the hymns
Which winds
Gently hum
Thru your boughs.
I love to see you
Dark
Against the silver moon;
I love the solitude
Surrounding you,
O Pines,
Content in loneliness,
Somber.

A. R. Pomeroy '27





The
Book Lover's
Corner

Canfield

Books

HERE is no gift that gives such a personal touch as a well-chosen book, for in selecting a book for a friend, one shows his appreciation and understanding of the character and interest of his comrade. Let us remember this fact as Christmas draws near and we are put to the ever-painful task of finding suitable presents for our friends.

To the small child, who has long ago conned by heart the pleasant rhymes found in "When We Were Very Young," "Winnie-the-Pooh," by the same author comes none too soon. One who enjoys a tale of distant lands, with a touch of the mysterious, would enjoy the "Dancing Floor," by John Buchan, the story of an old Grecian religious festival reacted, but under unusual circumstances. A book rated as the "best-seller of the year" is "Show Boat" by Edna Ferber, the author of "So Big." It is a vivid account of a wandering troupe of actors on the Mississippi River and contains mingled joy and pathos. "The Introduction to Sally," by "Elizabeth", gives the unusual and humorous adventures of the most beautiful girl in the world.

Many people enjoy an interesting and worthwhile autobiography. One of the most delightful I have read is "The Memoirs of Susan Sibbald," relating in an entertaining and vivacious manner the customs of England between the years 1786 and 1812, and containing many extremely humorous character sketches of important people of that time. The following is a short extract chosen from the number of similar ones occurring in this volume:

"When the first ice cream was sent by the confectioner, I heard Nelly say: 'Ice, gude sakes, wha ever heard o' sic a thing i' Summer; it's no materil.' I was surprised on going to my father that he had not received it. The bell was rung, when up came Nelly with the ice cream warmed. 'Why, Nelly, did you not bring it to my father when it first came?' 'Deed, I couldna; twad jist have been his death, sae I pet it afore the fire to tak' the cauld oot o' it.'"

Barbara Ulrichsen

The Black Flemings

by Kathleen Norris

THE sun was setting an angry red beyond the forest behind him, but a hard and brilliant light still lay on the water, and the waves were sculptured harshly in silver tipped steel." This is but a single sentence selected from the opening chapter of "The Black Flemings," yet it proves Miss Norris' power of description to be by no means insignificant. That is a truly remarkable feature of the story—description—vivid, pathetic, glowing. Words flow from her skillful pen that construct an unforgettable scene before us.

Possibly the title of the book is misleading—one might gather that the characters were cruel, hard and designing. On the contrary. The Flemings received the name "black," on account of the coloring of hair and eyes, which were of midnight hue.

Flora, the last in line of the Flemings, lives at "Wastewater". Her daughter, Sylvia, after graduation from college comes home to take up her abode there. The will of her uncle had stipulated that if Sylvia should reach the age of twenty-one, and his son, who had run away to sea, had not returned, the whole estate was to become her property.

A most interesting element in the book is the return of Tom Fleming, Roger's son. Naturally, Sylvia is obliged to yield her inheritance which she does gracefully.

Many complicated situations arise and the reader anticipates the outcome, all the while wondering what clever plan the author has in mind. And they are just such plans as only Miss Norris can invent.

M. J. Hamilton '27

"Barbarians"

by Robert W. Chambers

ROBERT W. Chambers, one of our well-known American authors, surpasses himself every time he writes. So, when "Barbarians," one of his latest novels, was recently issued, the literary world hastened to read it, and after doing so, pronounced it good.

The book deals with the German system of espionage during the World War. It shows France lying stark and wounded under the heel of the invader. A young carillon ringer, named Maryette, three husky, young American mule-drivers, a countess, who is shadowed by the mystery of L'Ombre, all contribute to the interest of the story.

At first glance, the book seems to be a hodge-podge thrown together without regard for any principle of good writing. But as one reads, one sees that there is a great underlying theme, the theme of a people working for the fatherland and sacrificing their all in their zeal.

The book's diction is noteworthy. It is so simple, so clear, and yet, so vivid. It's just like the theatre, one picture after another, clearly defined and definite.

Charles Wells '28

Beau Geste

by P. C. Wren

CAPT. Percival C. Wren has made a very effective as well as unique addition to the modern literary world in his interesting tale, "Beau Geste."

From the first pages of the book, a mystery is sensed, when an adjutant is found dead with the following note of confession on his person: "To the Chief of Police of Scotland Yard and all whom it may concern—For fear that any innocent person may be suspected, I hereby fully and freely confess that it was I and I alone who stole the great sapphire, known as 'Blue Water.' " The paper was labeled "Confession. Important" and it was signed—"Beau Geste."

Lady Brandon's choicest and most magnificent treasure, a gem of priceless value disappears in a strange manner. No possible solution is presented and the case is seemingly a hopeless one. The "Geste" brothers, her three nephews, who have made their home with her since earliest childhood, are suspected of having removed the gem as a practical joke. Michael or "Beau" Geste, the eldest and the favorite of the three brothers, departs during the first inquiries into the theft so that suspicion will be immediately placed on him. He is joined in a short time by his two brothers, Digby and John, and once united, the three enlist in the French Foreign Legion. Here the real elements of mystery and adventure enter the plot.

Life with the Legion on the Nigerian frontier is just one thrill after another and it continues thus during the enlistment of the Geste brothers. Finally, however, in one of the most daring encounters of the legionnaires, the hero of the story meets death. His written confession is brought to Lady Brandon in accordance with his last wishes and the absorbing plot of mystery and self-sacrifice is at last solved. The love story of John Geste and Isobel Rivers, his earliest childhood playmate, furnishes an interesting romantic background for the story.

Although I do not as a rule care for first person stories, since they generally tend to deal a little too fully with the "I" concerned, this one proved to be the proverbial exception to the rule. It was filled with thrills and adventure, with mystery and love and with a genuine pathos that went straight to the reader's heart. The story itself was chiefly a biography of the three orphaned Geste brothers who loved one another devotedly from their earliest youth. The colorful scenes of the adventures of the French Foreign Legion added much to the novel. One could almost picture the legionnaires as they sang the last stanza of their beloved song—

Soldats de la Legion,
De la Legion Etrangere
N'ayant pas de nation
La France est votre mere.

This story has been filmed as a Paramount picture with Ronald Colman in the title role and those who have witnessed its production are as delighted with the film as with the novel itself.

G. M. Quirk '28



Art Exhibit

An Art Exhibit, held in Room 19 during the week of November 15th, revealed the fact that Pittsfield High School has much unusual artistic talent. A close inspection of the mechanical drawings showed that we have many future draftsmen. The shades and tints in the water colors were cleverly blended to give a very pleasing effect. Among the pencil and charcoal sketches were many deserving special mention. As a whole the exhibit proved to be quite a success in that the paintings, drawings and sketches submitted were all worthy of high approval.

Sybil Sexton '27

Com'l

The senior class of Commercial High School held a very entertaining assembly in the form of a Thanksgiving program. The first number consisted of an interesting talk on "Our Thanksgiving," given by Dominick Mangree. Irene Sheridan and Elizabeth Hoff entertained with amusing sketches called "Variation." The next number was a vocal solo, "A Night of Love," by Margaret Cannon, accompanied by Irene Sheridan. Benjamin Jaffe gave a talk on "What Will the Graduate Do Upon Leaving School?" Rose Shelsey and Celia Russetta pleased in vocal selections, accompanied by Sybil Sexton. An amusing reading was given by Edna Ainley, entitled "Nora and the Twins." Miss Evelyn Taylor played a piano solo, "Pilgrim's Chorus," and an original poem was presented by Harriet Wilkey. The last number, "What We All Should Be Thankful For" was given by Gertrude Shepardson. The program was finished by the entire group singing "Thanksgiving Day." Miss Catherine Tone, the senior president, presided in a capable manner.

Irene Sheridan '27

Com'l

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatics Club has returned to our list of clubs at last. Such a club means much to a progressive school for any time money is needed for certain purposes, a play usually nets the sum needed; when a good assembly is wanted, nothing is more enjoyable to the students than a good play. At the present time there are about twenty-five members in the club, which is under the direction of Mr. Huban. The group plans to do some big things during the coming year and we look forward with interest to its future activities.

George Beebe

Assembly

On December 2nd an assembly was held for the purpose of awarding our champion football team their hard-earned letters. Never did a team deserve their "Ps" more than this steady team. No team could have made a better record than this remarkable team did. No defeats during the season! Fred Carpenter acted as chairman and introduced first the manager, William Hetsler, who emphasized the pleasure of association with such a fine group of fellows as he had worked with all season. Coach Carmody stressed this in his talk. Captain Combs thanked the student body for their support and we were then introduced to our next year's captain, Bill Pomeroy. Our chief speaker was Jerome Higgins of the F. M. T. A., who spoke about the importance of school activities and congratulated our team on their fine work.

The following members were given their letters: Captain Ted Combs, Fred Chester, Edgar Almstead, Bill Pomeroy, Manager Hetsler, Henry Edwards, Mike Foster, Howard Ano, Frank Learnard, Richard Russell, David Dellert, Herbert McNeil, Henry Garrison, William Kelly, "Ging" Fasce, Gerald Senger, Gollan Root, Donald Hebert, Ralph Froio, Fred Lummis, Reynolds Root, Charles Robinson, and John Walker. Hats off to our champions!

George Beebe

What We See in a Recitation Hour

Does it ever occur to you when you enter a classroom that the teacher has a fairly close idea of just how much knowledge you possess for the coming recitation? If you think that a good bluff and some self-assurance fools the teacher, if you think he fails to notice the sidelong glance at the clock or the stealthy whisper, just drop into the office some day and read the article in Common Ground "What We See in a Recitation Hour" by Barnet Rudman of our faculty. There you have a perfect picture of a mathematics class and you will be surprised to discover the things a teacher sees when you think he is busy at his desk. Perhaps, you will have a slight pricking of your conscience, perhaps you will wake up to the fact that the teacher's job isn't as soft a snap as you thought. At any rate, a thoughtful reading of this article might help all concerned.

George Beebe '28

Variety

A parade, some interesting talks, an etiquette sketch, some songs by the Glee Club and a one-act play, presented by the Dramatics Club, what a variety! All these went to make up the assembly given December 16th. The committee for this fine program was as follows: Miss Casey, Miss Morse, Miss Hesse, Miss Day, Miss Kelly, Mr. Rudman, and Mr. Huban. All the club leaders, however, were very helpful.

Each club was represented in the parade and many clever ideas were carried out with Mr. Rudman in charge. Secondly, came two speakers from Miss Kelly's Public Speaking Club. John Sullivan recited a poem entitled, "Bills

of the Legislative", and Beatrice Thorning told a story, "How the Children Entertained the Bishop." Both gave them exceptionally well. Then came a sketch "Introductions at a Bridge Party", given by the Etiquette Club, which has Miss Day as leader, and it was an interesting as well as instructive one. Those taking part were: Speaker, Mildred McEachen; Mother, Betty Herman; Group, Anna Simmon, Dorothea Harrington, Gertrude Barnes, Irene Sheriden, Ted Combs, Frank Learnard, Benjamin Frank, and Edward Genovese.

The next part of the program was presented by the Radio and Glee Clubs. A person tuning in on the radio supposedly tunes in on the Glee Club. The Glee Club was represented by sopranos: Lillian Legro, Louise Brewer, Pauline Hillberg, Dorothy Boutwell, Katherine Van Buren, Doris Cullen, Elsie Peppoon. Altos: Josephine Hollister, Hazel Taylor, Florence Preston, and Justine Madden. The songs were "Angels Serenade", "In Old Madrid", and "Ole' Uncle Moon". These were all sung in a pleasing manner and much credit is due Miss Hesse, who coached them.

Last but not least was the one act play, "The Wonder Hat", given by the Dramatics Club and coached by Mr. Huban. The players were all suited to their parts and took them with exceptional talent. The cast was as follows: Harlequin, Robert Wagner; Pierrot, Robert Goodman; Punchinello, George Beebe; Columbine, Eleanor Chaitin; Margot, Catherine Rengie.

Such an assembly as this one needed careful planning and preparation, and we hope that we can have another as good as this in the near future.

George Beebe

Miss Flynn (reading story) "and he swam the river three times each morning before breakfast."

Controy: "Haw! haw!"

Miss Flynn: "Controy! Do you doubt that an experienced swimmer could do that?"

Controy: "No, but I think he should have done it four times to get back where his clothes were."

* * * *

Bob Pomeroy: "Your son kicked a football into my basket of eggs."

Mr. Combs: "Were they spoiled?"

Bob Pomeroy: "No, sir, they were strictly fresh."

* * * *

Miss Jordan: Didn't your conscience tell you that you were wrong?"

M. Carr: "Yes, but I don't believe all I hear."

* * * *

1st Senior: "How do you suppose a fellow with two wooden legs can walk?"

2nd Senior: "Probably he just manages to lumber along."

* * * *

Edwards: "Is there much difference between a tame horse and a wild horse?"

Foster: "No, only a little bit."

ATHLETICS

Our All-Berkshire Team

One of the most impressive things in the 1926 Berkhsire County Football League was the number of possibilities for the All Berkshire team. This indicated a very high standard of football among the teams of the county. It was a Herculean task to choose the mythical eleven. After careful study and dire consideration we have succeeded, and present our All Berkshire team.

Almstead	R. E.	Pittsfield
Chester	R. T.	Pittsfield
Consoule	R. G.	Adams
Fahey	C.	Dalton
Senger	L. G.	Pittsfield
Belouin	L. T.	Drury
Hicks	L. E.	Drury
Combs	R. B.	Pittsfield
Ano	R. H. B.	Pittsfield
Ashkar	L. H. B.	Drury
Pomeroy	F. B.	Pittsfield

Pittsfield 7--Dalton A. A. 7

The teams were lined up on Pittsfield's 28-yard line. The score read 7-0 in favor of Dalton and the time showed that scarcely more than a minute of play remained. Ted Combs darted around right end and ran the ball down to Dalton's 17-yard marker, where he was downed by J. Glendon, who made a brilliant tackle. Inspired by this run, the Purple and White representatives fought hard, and four plays later, Robinson planted the ball over the line for a touchdown. "Bill" Pomeroy then kicked the goal and Pittsfield was saved from defeat by a narrow margin. Dalton, with a team of ex-college players and former high school stars, played a great game and deserves much credit for their fine showing.

After a few plays in the first quarter Ano recovered a fumble on Dalton's 38-yard mark. Failing to gain, "Bill" Pomeroy attempted to kick a field goal from the 35-yard line, but the kick was low and wide. The quarter ended as the ball was returned to the twenty-yard mark.

In the second quarter Dalton started off with a whirlwind attack and secured their touchdown, Stearns, the quarterback, carrying the ball over the line. Callahan added the point after touchdown.

The third period saw a fighting Pittsfield team take the field. The period was hardly under way when "Bill" Pomeroy tossed a long pass to "Hank" Garrison for a gain of 35 yards. This was one of the best plays of the game but resulted in nothing as the ball was lost on downs.

Little gaining was done by either team in the last period until Ted Combs made his spectacular run.

"Mike" Foster, playing his first game since breaking his ankle at Gloversville, showed that he had lost none of his ability, as he played a great game. He will prove very valuable to P. H. S. next year as he is one of the best backs in the county. "Don" Hebert made some nice tackles while "Fred" Chester played his usual steady game on the line.

The day was very cold but many people were on hand for the game despite the blustery weather. They soon forgot the cold in the tense and heated moments of the game.

John Condron '27

Pittsfield 20--St. Joseph 6

Again the crystal gazer has failed to read the future and again St. Joseph's High has been defeated. There was a rumor that St. Joseph's High was again to do the unexpected and turn back the stronger team from Pittsfield. This rumor was based upon the prophecy of a person gifted in the art of foretelling all future events and who knew all that had taken place in years gone by. It seems apparent, now that the game has been played, that he must have dipped into the past by mistake as his prophecy was decidedly wrong.

A superior team from Pittsfield High decisively defeated a much lighter but fighting St. Joseph's High eleven. Notre Dame had her "Four Horsemen," but Pittsfield had her "Teddy" Combs, "Bill" Pomeroy, Harold Ano, and "Mike" Foster. These four backs ripped the St. Joe line to shreds, skirted the ends for big gains, and dodged their way off-tackle time after time. The line played a stellar game from start to finish, breaking up plays again and again. Foremost among these boys on the line were "Fran" Almstead, who was immense and "Fred" Chester, who opened big holes in the line. "Don" Hebert, "Red" Senger, and "Hank" Garrison all played a great game.

No matter how one-sided the battle may have seemed, we cannot overlook the game fight of our city rivals. Joe Gilson, St. Joe's captain played a whale of a game while "Bus" Reeves, "Jack" Maguire, and "Billy" Flynn played way beyond themselves.

The game started with Pittsfield receiving the kick-off. Pittsfield started off well but lost possession of the ball at midfield. St. Joe could do little gaining and again the wearers of the Purple and White had the ball. They advanced it to the thirteen-yard line only to lose it on downs. St. Joe punted out of danger and Pittsfield started another attack which brought them back to that fatal thirteen-yard line. The first period ended at this time.

Pittsfield scored its first touchdown on the fourth play of the second quarter, Ano carrying the ball. "Bill" Pomeroy kicked the goal. St. Joe received the kick-off but soon lost the ball when Dunn was forced to punt. The ball was put in play on Pittsfield's 20-yard mark as the kick went over the line. Teddy Combs went around right end for a beautiful run of twenty-six yards. Ano, Pomeroy, and Combs advanced the ball to the eight-yard line and Ano slipped

over the line for Pittsfield's second touchdown. "Bill" Pomeroy added the point by a placement kick. Pittsfield again kicked off to St. Joseph's who were unable to gain. Pittsfield received the ball but the time was too short for further scoring in this half. The half ended with the ball in Pittsfield's possession at about midfield.

St. Joseph's received the kick-off at the beginning of the second half but could gain no ground. Pittsfield scored its second touchdown through the efforts of Ano and Pomeroy who alternated in carrying the ball down the field, Pomeroy finally taking it over. The try for goal was missed and the score now read Pittsfield 20—St. Joseph's 0. At this time Pittsfield replaced many of its regulars with substitutes and the game went on. Little action took place during the remainder of the period.

The fourth quarter found a St. Joseph's team fighting desperately for a touchdown. They tossed a barrage of forward passes into the air and these proved to be very successful. St. Joe had the ball most of the time as Pittsfield kicked as soon as she received it. A brilliant forward pass proved Pittsfield's Waterloo, however, as it advanced the ball forty yards and put the ball in play on our five-yard mark. The first plunge yielded nothing, but on the second play Joe Gilson swept around Pittsfield's right end and dashed over the line for those coveted six points which placed St. Joseph's High on a standard which few other teams have equaled this year. The kick for goal was missed and the game ended shortly after the kick-off. Thus the final score read Pittsfield 20—St. Joseph's 6.

It may be added that this game also clinched the Berkshire County Championship. Furthermore Pittsfield now has an undisputed claim on the title of Western Massachusetts' Champions.

A great many of these stellar players will not be with us next year but there will be others who will fill their places and with this in mind we formally close the most successful season that we have had in years.

Father: "Well, do you need some money?"

Son: "Oh, no. I've plenty left from my last allowance."

* * * *

Almstead: "If there's a freight train running between Peru and Lee, what's the engineer's name?"

Chester: "I don't know. Tell me."

Almstead: "John, of course."

Chester: "How do you know?"

Almstead: "I asked him."

* * * *

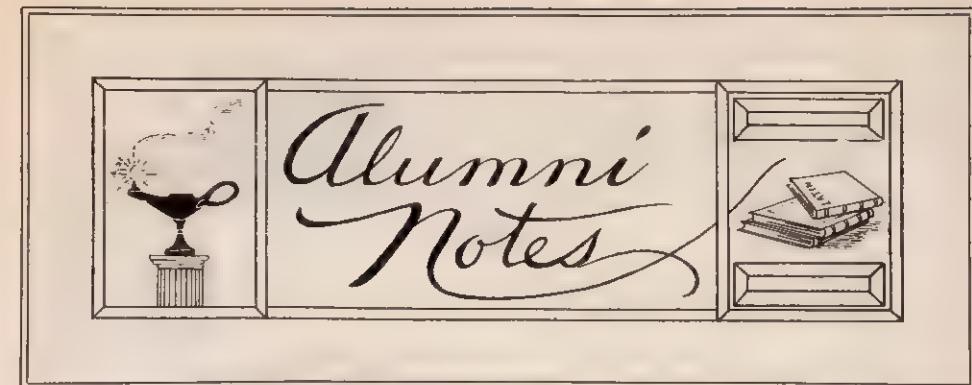
Bob McLaughlin: "How do you like my new basque caps?"

Florence Preston: "Oh, I think they're the berets."

* * * *

Brown: "I heard that you received your letter for playing football. Did you play in the backfield?"

Robinson: "No, I played on the Common and the Park."



'24 AT a reunion of the June class held in July at the Tally-Ho Inn, Bernice Jordan read an interesting paper concerning the members of her class. The following items were taken from this paper.

Of the eighty-one members, thirty-four are at college, thirty-four are working, three have graduated from higher institutions, eight are training to become nurses, and two are at home.

Charles Baker	Tufts
Nelson Baker	Oberlin
Bernard Boutwell	Amherst
Sophie Cohen	North Adams Normal
Emil Denoyers	Boston University
Roma Duker	Columbia
Eleanor Gannon	Boston University
Isadore Green	G. E. Apprentice School
Helen Gridley	Boston Conservatory of Music
Edwin Hebert	Cornell
Olga Hildebrandt	Bridgewater Normal
Constance Keegan	Bridgewater Normal
George Kelly	St. Hyacinth's Seminary
Nellie Lovejoy	Fitchburg Normal
Minnie Merriman	Syracuse University
Edward Reilley	Holy Cross College
Thomas Reilley	Holy Cross College
Francis Sheridan	Holy Cross College
Dorothy Moran	Boston University
Raymond Nelligan	Seton Hall
Dorothy Rhoades	Smith
Leo Rodgers	G. E. Apprentice School
John Roberto	G. E. Apprentice School
Eva Rosenbaum	G. E. Apprentice School
Joseph Russo	B. U. School of Pharmacy
William Skinner	B. U. School of Pharmacy
Donald Steinway	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Lloyd Williams	Massachusetts Agricultural
Herbert Wollison	Dartmouth
Albert Avnet	New York University
Daniel Coffey	Lowell Textile School
Alice McDowell	Westfield Normal
Evelyn Watson	Westfield Normal
Thelma Nelson	Boston University
Doris Kirby	Northeastern School of Richmond

Graduated—Employed

Mabel Knight—Westfield Normal—England Bros.
 Evelyn White—Boston University—Berkshire Mutual Life Insurance Co.
 Elizabeth Yeadon—Virginia Intermont—Cande, Kellogg, and Meyers.

Nurses

Ellen Behan	Mercy Hospital, Springfield
Caroline Ciaburri	Johns Hopkins, Baltimore
Alice Ferry	St. Francis, Hartford
Ethel Hackbiel	Bishop Memorial Training School
Louise Wolven	Bishop Memorial Training School
Elizabeth Lifvergren	Hillcrest Hospital
Helene Lummus	Bishop Memorial Training School
Norma Volin	House of Mercy

Working

Gladys Briggs	Mountain Electric Co.
Vernon Chaffie	General Electric
Gerald Chaffie	General Electric
David Dannybuski	Rudd Wheel Co.
George Donald	May's Machine Shop
Thomas Doyle	S. N. Russell Co.
Leo Johnson	United Beef Co.
Edward McGee	Berkshire Life Insurance Co.
Morris Levine	Rudd Wheel Co.
Robert Nelson	Berkshire Life Insurance Co.
Catherine Reinhardt	Springfield Library
Clifford Rice	Rice, the Contractor
Warren Shaw	General Electric
Lisle Studley	Berkshire Printing Co.
Kathryn Sullivan	Rudd Wheel Co.
Jacob Samuel	General Electric
Gerald Wolcott	General Electric
Evelyn Bird	General Electric
Gladys Gibbs	Wallace Co.
Noel Rosenthal	Albany
Bernice Jordan	H. F. Chant, Public Acc't
Cecil Lovejoy	Y. M. C. A.
George Anderson	N. E. Power Co.
Stillman Fielding	Florida
Michael Flynn	Springfield
Ruth Gordon	Pottsville, Penn.

At Home

Virginia Waugh

Laura Van Ben Scoten Silvernail—Married

THOSE who are taking Post Graduate Courses are:

Pittsfield: Arthur Fiel, Lawrence Polly, Elizabeth Marsh, and Edna Williams.

Commercial: Sidney Cusick, Maynard Roberts, Edith Breck, and Catherine Van Buren



Exchanges

A.M.C.

Our Bouquets and Brickbats

The Scroll, Toledo, Ohio—A thousand welcomes to our exchange list, *Scroll*. We congratulate you on the clever makeup of your magazine. "Book Nook" we found to be most enjoyable, and the picture in the frontispiece a lovely thing. But—we were disappointed in being unable to locate your poetry department, and we like, oh—just lots of essays if you please. We'd like you to come to us again, and—our best wishes for a successful year.

The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.—With no exceptions your alumni notes are the most novel ever. We were even tempted to sigh because they were not a wee bit more "endless." And "A Day in Sicily" was so vividly picturesque that we simply had to sigh again with—was it envy with a capital E? But, of course, it couldn't be. One thing more—we are sorry for your poetry section. It is perishing for—we'll give you one guess. Right! More poems!!

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.—Your football number takes the blue ribbon for its colorfulness. "Debts and Bets" is quite the most original football story we have had the pleasure of reading for an age. Your editorials contain good material, but we still think that they might be coaxed into lengthening themselves. Is it possible that you have no exchange department; we wonder?

The Kensington Distaff, Philadelphia, Pa.—Long, long ago we were hypnotized by your "Arm Chair" and by the wondrous magic of the spell we are still hopelessly, but so delightfully enchanted. Whatever made you hide "Autumn" among all those hideous advertisements? we almost overlooked it, and what a crime that would have been! Don't forget—we like you!! and you have a standing invitation to sail our way when a-sailing you do go.

The English High School Record, Boston, Mass.—Your cartoons are actually breathtaking. We imagine that you have a goodly number of "ripping" athletes within your walls; the athletic atmosphere is so conspicuous in your publication. Frankly there are some essentials missing from your magazine. Install a "regular" poetry section—liven yourself up with some really lively jokes.

The Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.—Yes, "indeed," we like you! Only we have a passion for book reviews and apparently you haven't(?)

The Pad and Pencil, Boston, Mass.—Behold! The Student's Pen bids you a cordial welcome, Pad and Pencil. We just basked in "Chandler Chatter"—it was so nice and gossipy. But we had a dreadful time deciding where one department began and where the other ended. Why not give the different sections more distinction? Can't you hear them shrieking for it?

The Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.—The "School Directory" is certainly an idea! And your school notes are well edited, but your editorials are so sketchy.

The Salemica, New Salem, Mass.—We think that you are one of our brand new friends, are you not? and we are pleased that you chose to drift our way. Your paper is well arranged, but we suggest that you round up more snappy editorials.

The Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.—Your literary department is outstandingly good, and your poetry deserves comment. We hope that in the next number you will devote more space to the exchanges.

The Live Wire, Newbury, Vt.—If we are not mistaken in supposing that this is your first attempt at a school publication, you have our sincere congratulations and our very best wishes. We are certain that you are going to be interesting, and we hope that we shall hear from you again.

The Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.—We have been eagerly anticipating our introductory copy of your magazine, and now that it has come, we are not the least disappointed. *The Weather Vane*, is delightfully well-balanced. Please let us hear from you again.

The Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—It is very seldom that we have any brick-bats for you, Shucis. There is such a charming completeness to your paper and your stories show thought and finish. Don't forget us this month, please!!

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—For the size of your magazine you have one of the most "splendiferous" joke sections of any school on our list. Hope you keep up the good work, but—aren't your editorials a bit few and far between??

(The ship had arrived at Cherbourg, after a long trip across.)

Mid. (to Capt.): "May I have permission to go ashore, sir?"

Capt. (scowling): "What for?"

Mid. (with great frankness): "Never been abroad, sir, and I would like very much to see the place."

Capt. (thawing slightly): "No doubt very interesting place, Cherbourg, very interesting. Have you stood your watch?"

Mid. (briskly): "Yes, sir."

Capt: "Not quarantined for anything?"

Mid. (positively): "No, sir."

Capt.: "Log all written up?"

Mid.: "Yes, sir."

Capt. (ruminates for a moment): "Do you happen to know anybody ashore?"

Mid. (with great alacrity): "Oh, yes, sir; my folks were in Paris and they have come to Cherbourg on purpose to see me, sir."

Capt. (beaming on him): "Oh-h-h, your folks here, eh? You are very sure there's nothing to keep you on board?"

Mid. (smiling expectantly): "Quite sure, sir, nothing."

Capt. (cheerfully): "Well, you can't go."

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Art File: "They made me draft clerk at the bank."

Ayres: "What do you do?"

Art File: "Open and close the door."

* * * *

Helene Barton: "I heard that your brother married recently. Is it true?"

Leon Mermet: "Yes, why?"

Helen Barton: "What wedding march was used, Mendelssohn's or Loengrins?"

Leon Mermet: "Neither. The Prisoners' song was used."

* * * *

L. Brewer: "Are you very domestic?"

J. Sullivan: "I ought to be. I was born in a house."

* * * *

Dot Corley (at an ice cream parlor): "I just thrive over vanilla ice cream."

K. Bergstrom (digging at a piece of ice): "Well, I strive over chocolate."

* * * *

Mr. Brierly (after first night on board ship): "Where have my clothes gone?"

Steward: "Where did you put them?"

Mr. Brierly: "In that little cupboard."

Steward: "That's no cupboard. That's a porthole."

* * * *

E. Allen: "I came from Lanesboro, the home of religious mosquitos."

Controy: "How absurd! Religious mosquitos"

E. Allen: "But, nevertheless its true. First they sing over you, then they prey upon you."

* * * *

Garrison: "How did you know that I was here?"

Goodman: "I heard you wringing your hands."

* * * *

Doris Waterman (trying on hats): "I'd like to try on that one over there."

Saleslady: "I'm very sorry, that's a lampshade."

* * * *

E. Brown: "What kind of dance is that? I've never seen it before."

Betty Harris: "Well, if you've never seen it before, it's collegiate."

* * * *

Les Oliver: "Why don't you brush your clothes? You're all covered with mud."

Mr. Rudman (just getting back from New York): "No, sir. That mud is from Queen Marie's car!"

* * * *

1st Stude: "What makes you think that Tom is going to leave school?"

2nd Stude: "He traded his ukele for a pair of garters."

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'Twas the nineteenth of January in '27,

The clock in the hallway had just struck eleven;
The wind in the treetops was howling in glee,
For he and Jack Frost had a plot against me.

He would blow, Jack would freeze; Jack would freeze, he would blow,
Together they would labor and soon I would know
The tricks they could play and the harm they would do,
And Old Man Winter would give them their cue.

But they did not get in and why I'll make plain—
Last winter I froze—but never again!
My house was well heated from cellar to attic,
For last fall I had bought an ELECTROL AUTOMATIC!

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Footballs, Golf Clubs, Tennis Rackets
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The finest skating outfit
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*No water to freeze, or boil, no radiator
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The carefree car

*Wooden frame and full elliptic springs
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All the Year
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Christmas*

"THE GIFT EVERLASTING"

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We will be glad to deliver
that box of candy or cigars
at whatever place and
time you say.

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Correct Christmas Gifts For Young Men

We have listed below a carefully worked-out selection of articles unusually well suited for young men's Christmas gifts. The quality and character of these items will clearly show the thoughtfulness and good taste that your gift should express.

CRILLON CRAVATS

Beautiful neckties made entirely by hand from rich Swiss and Italian silks. Silk lined, \$2.50.

MANHATTAN BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

Soft, lustrous broadcloth made with all the attention to details for which these shirts are famous, \$3.00.

GLENBRAE GOLF HOSE

Imported from Scotland. Soft wools in smart patterns and colorings that are unusually attractive, \$4.00.

UNDERBOAR PIPES

Favorites with college men. The best quality of seasoned Briar in a wide assortment of clever shapes, \$7.00.

MARK CROSS GOATSKIN GLOVES

Distinctly a man's glove. Heavy, strong, good-looking. Very popular this season among young men, \$4.00.

UNIVERSITY SOFT HATS

Lightweight hats that can be shaped in any style. These hats were designed especially for college men, \$5.00.

MILITARY BRUSHES

Solid ebony backs and first quality bristles. A splendid gift suggestion for young men, \$3.50.

FUR COATS

The new Russian Pony Coats (black) that you have seen so many men wearing at the big football games, \$60.

First grade Raccoon coats made from selected Northern skins, perfectly matched, \$395.

J.R. Newman and Sons
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Sixty-seven years of faithful service.

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give dad and buddie
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December, 1926